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ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION,

IN THE

CHAPEL OF THE UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE,

AUGUST 28, 1845.

By CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

PRINTED AT THE REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

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ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Harvard Musical Association.

Let us congratulate each other on the return of this annual reunion of musical spirits. It is to you all, I doubt not, as to myself, an occasion of unusual interest. I have looked forward to this day, as one of the brightest of the year, and not the less so, that I have so seldom enjoyed the opportunity of meeting with you. It seems to me, that in comparison with your other annual celebrations, this has a charm and a significance peculiarly preëminent. For not only is it a reunion of hearts and intellects, blended in one common enthusiasm for the divine art of Music, but also an occasion which is typical and prophetic of that higher harmony of life, which in God's own time, is appointed to pervade the earth. Most happy am I to be permitted to assemble with you; most cordially do I appear to answer to your kind invitation to address you upon a theme so dear to all our hearts.

The occasion is one which, rightly looked at, makes the other annual festivities of the week, seem somewhat dry and prosaic. Your other meetings celebrate the feast of abstract intelligence, and must needs be somewhat formal, and con-

servative. But ours is the cream of the banquet. We are not fettered by the old rules. Our Association is not like an old projecting stone of the college building, — venerable, yet dead; but like a young fragrant wall flower springing *out of* it, and lending beauty to the home of its cold unpaternal ancestry. The day has come when those whose stolen musical indulgences were looked upon so askance and jealously, by our *Alma Mater*, have come out, undowered and free, to take a stand for themselves, and have built up a society, in whose protecting and kindly influences these tender germs of the beautiful, could shoot up, these secret longings for a fresher life than our colleges justify, could find their natural sphere. Your Association contains in its constitution and intent, the germ of a new and profound school of education. For it asserts the fact of the beautiful as a primary element in the developement of the mind. It gives the sanction of lawful and good, to what the past has styled idleness. The young student, whose tender conscience reproved him for looking off from his Euclid or his Butler's Analysis, for a moment, to listen to the liquid trill of the thrush, in the trees before his window, — whose soul went out in indefinable longings, when he heard far off the swell of the bounding bugles, or the band of vocal serenades, — has now learned another lore, and has felt, that in yielding himself to his nature, he has found truth hand in hand with beauty.

It is for this associated, organized recognition of the province of beauty, in nature and in art, especially in the great sphere of music, that I again congratulate you, gentlemen, and feel myself so privileged in assembling with you to-day.

When I accepted your invitation, my thought was, how to express anything on the subject of music, which should

have *definiteness*, while it aimed to avoid narrowness of statement. It is not easy to speak well on this theme. I feel my incompetence, not chiefly on account of an imperfect acquaintance with the scientific basis of music, — because here it seems fittest to view it on the æsthetic and spiritual side, — but simply because I feel it to be a theme almost too great for words to do justice to. Thinking of music, and of any deep expression of this divine gift to man, I often feel utterly at a loss what to say. It is like all fullness of beauty, ineffable and divine. No idea of it, but the purely transcendental, seems admissible or worthy. It seems as if a discourse upon music, should be a poem, a mystic hymn, a breathing like itself, part of its own inspired utterances. Such beauty —

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear,"

should be its own interpreter. At least, on an occasion like this, all scientific, all technical, still more dilettante talk about music, seems narrow and degrading. We would shut out from this sacred enclosure, all the small theorists and critics of schools and concert rooms and opera boxes, and listen to a deeper wisdom, and drink in more refined draughts of beauty. Some Hebe must proffer us the cup, while we sup at the banquet of the gods.

I must be pardoned therefore, if, in dealing with this theme, I shall indulge occasionally, in what may be termed vagueness and extravagance of expression. For I feel as if entering upon holy and mysterious ground. I have no fitting words, to declare how much music is to me. It is a great unnamed, undefined — a perpetual transfusion from the spiritual, the very intimate presence of God, as eternally

founded, as subtly interpenetrating, as any manifestation of beauty that visits this visible world. When I am lifted on the wings of melody and harmony, I feel that I have no words for this matter. Articulate language is lame and lagging! Music then seems to me an ethereal rain, an ever soft distillation, fragrant and liquid and wholesome to the soul, as dew to flowers; an incomprehensible delight, a joy, a voice of mystery, that seems to stand on the boundary, between the spheres of the senses and the soul, and plead with poor unrefined human nature, to ascend into regions of seraphic, uncontained life.

O wondrous power! Art thou not the nearest breath of God's own beauty, borne to us amid this infinite whispering gallery of his creation! Type of all love and reconciliation,— solvent of contrary, hard elements, — blender of soul with soul, and of all with the infinite harmony! How shall we express thee unblamed? how but in strains of some inspired genius, surpassing even those of him who praised the light 'offspring of heaven first born!' With numbers, such as poets feign, of Orpheus and Amphion, but beyond all that the sons of earth have ever sung to us, should this divine mystery be fittingly celebrated.

If I seem like a rhapsodist, in exalting the ministry of music to this pitch, you need but mark your own experiences, — those of you who are blessed with musical susceptibilities and powers, — or at least, read the lives of those great composers who have been the true priests of harmony, and you will find the most mystical flights of enthusiasm supported by all the solidity of fact.

I conceive of music as the finest expression of life, from its lowest actual, up to its highest ideal phases. It is the most central, universal mode of utterance, which art can

attain. It is vague, because the thoughts and feelings it aims to express partake of the infinite. It represents nothing with the graphic outline of the pencil, because it strives to paint what no outlines can take in. It is the heart's prayer, which cannot embody itself so fully as in the language of tones and harmonies.

Novalis has called philosophy the *soul's home-sickness.* May not music, also, be so defined, with even more fulness of meaning? For music seems like the soul's effort to speak its mother tongue in a strange land, a yearning for a completer fulfilment of its destiny, an attempt to paint on the blank canvass of the present, with color-like melodies and tint-like harmonies, its ideal, Claude-like reminiscences of the scenery of its native clime. Never do such visions of the perfect life come to us as when listening to the highest musical compositions. These point to a real spiritual fountain, of which they are the streams. As sometimes when we are rambling through southern woods, the breeze wafts to us, from a distance, the odor of the rich deep-hidden magnolia, so, when strains of music are heard, we feel that such a delicious distilment of sweets was not out of nothing and for nothing, but has a corresponding spiritual source back of it, in the unseen world. Music is the concentrated aroma of the finest flowers of life, a foretaste of the great possibilities in human destiny, a vision of angelic, ideal life.

Of course I speak now of music of the highest order. As music is the language of the affections, it must be as various as these are. It is the magic mirror, which idealizes every class of feelings, from the lowest to the highest. It expresses alike the voice of rage, of scorn, of desire, of love, of devotion, of penitence, of boundless aspiration.

In the works of Haydn, for instance, we have a representation of actual life; in Beethoven, of ideal life.

Of these two great men, especially the latter, I would say a few words, (though at the risk of treading upon ground which has been gone over before,) chiefly for the purpose of illustrating the wide range of expression, which the higher music may take.

In Haydn I perceive a limited, healthy, cheerful soul, going forth into the sunshine and the spring, like a happy farmer, and piously celebrating the visible works of God. Their beauty and young freshness fill him with joy, which bursts out of every pore, like the singing birds. He is the man of to-day, saying in his heart I am content, content and thankful. This life is enough for me; praised be the Giver of all good! Like the shepherds of Arcady, he pipes his pleasant song in the fields, unthoughtful of times to come, neither sorrowing nor aspiring. His music, therefore, has the relish of real nature. It is daily air and bread and water.

But Beethoven's music is the charmed lotus food, that leaves us all careless of any life, but that within his own dreamy islands. He is the prophet, the restless man of dreams. Fettered in the dungeons of sorrow, deserted by those he most cherished, his outward ear, dead to the voice of friendship, love and music, he retires inward, on the inheritance of his spiritual possessions, the 'owner of a brain,' if not of lands and good cheer, and receives draughts upon draughts of inspiration, as if he had sat at the very gates of Eden

> "And caught
> The life within like music flowing."

He sings not of the present, so much as of the unmeasured

future. He portrays the struggle of genius with fate, of faith with doubt, of truth with falsehood, beauty with discord, love with hate — the struggle and the triumph also, for such superabundant energy cannot but succeed. If music ever expressed any of the realities of that dim, deep sphere of dreams and of thoughts that wander through eternity, surely it is his. His famous C Minor Symphony, seems like the deepest parts of Hamlet, translated into harmony, only more perfect, because after all the alternations of spontaneous confidence and conscious doubt, comes sweeping on at length the glorious triumph — the faith that cannot be shaken — the whole being so assured of itself, that there is no longer such a thing as a relapse into its former weakness. Tennyson's Two Voices is a work not unlike it — a poem I can scarcely ever read through, without a feeling of glad tears. The dew and sunlight of the balmiest summer morning, seem the fittest symbol of its consummation.

Indeed this profound strength and massive motion of Beethoven's music, impress one like some work of Michael Angelo, or the other artists of a manlier age than ours. He seems born out of our times, — to stand on a broader platform, — to walk and breathe and speak like one of the sons of Anak. How like a master spirit he plunges and penetrates into the very deeps of harmony! What soul-moving, mysterious chords he strikes, making our inmost souls thrill with unutterable sighs and longings after that power and beauty, which our bare, tame, common-place days, yield not! How he fills us with a magnetic influence, in whose wrapt trances no existence but in that calm inner sphere, seems satisfactory and real! How he sinks us at times, down, down into some pleasant vale of dreams, with the shimmering of a light around us, unborrowed of this common

earthly sun! There is no denying it, — he is the king in the realms of harmony, a magician who lays his hand on the subtlest fibres of our inmost being, and makes us feel the mystery of ourselves and our life.

Among the great masters, and great in his sphere, as Beethoven in his, we should not here pass by Mozart. But he describes not the sublime ideal life, but the deeply tender and pathetic moods, the alternating smiles and tears of this changeful earthly existence. Beethoven we gaze at as upon some severe statuesque demigod; but Mozart we love as a brother, — we smile or weep with him in his operas, and even in the grand devotional harmonies of his masses, when the swell of the Kyrie Eleison transports us to the vaulted cathedral domes, we hear at times in the rich accompaniments, the same fitful, delicious warblings of a love which cannot wean itself from earth, but seems to turn back, Orpheus-like, to some fair, long lost Eurydice, of happier days.

But while we thus exalt these men above all others, as the master-spirits in the sphere of harmony, let us not be insensible to the debt of gratitude we owe to that long line of geniuses, who from the days of Handel and Bach, up to Spohr and Rossini, have consecrated themselves to this difficult and beautiful ministry of music. Their names are familiar to us all, as household words. They shine like stars above us, some of less, some of greater brilliancy. Their melodies, their harmonies, floating round us, are the very breath of beauty to our souls. When two or three are gathered together, in the name of one of these masters, something of his spirit is among them, and as they thread their way together, through the flowery mazes of his works, they are lifted out of the prison-house of ennui and care

and despondency, into a pure, beautiful sphere, where harmony seems a thing internal, real, universal.

In all ages, ancient and modern, music has had its inspired votaries. But it is only within the last few centuries, as we all know, that it has attained to perfection as a science and an art. How the plant, which for so many ages looked so dry and dead and unpromising, at length bloomed out in such fragrant and brilliant completeness, you well all know. We must all have felt it to be a privilege of priceless value, that we are born in an age, through which are transmitted, the inspirations of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and the long line of masters, second only to these bright particular stars. It is a great thing to live afte. these men, men whose lives were all one burning feeling, one overmastering idea, one deep heart-yearning after a perfect expression of the beautiful, one long series of grand unclassified psychological facts. In their still world of dreams, what miracles did the power of art work out, from their intense conceptions! What skilful choice and marshaling of means for producing their intended effects, and what patient and intense labor at composition!

The lives of these men are like insulated points in history, only to be well comprehended by those who are somewhat similarly organized. But their influence is wider than we think. A great musical composer is a central power, who radiates a finer sense of beauty, by little and little, into the outmost and least-delicately organized souls. He is but a poet, whose language is more interior and universal, than those who sing in articulate words. When we stop short, on the threshold of the holy of holies, and are unable to penetrate, by reason of the imperfection of human speech, the high priest of harmony enters, and utters to the world's

ear, the deep, soul-entrancing oracles of God. The curse of Babel falls not on him. He speaks and writes in the native tongue of the angels, and the music is caught up and repeated, with joy and acclamation, in the isles beyond the sea. His style becomes the style of his age. We sing variations — imitations of his themes. Then in turn, are caught up and repeated, and in other forms of melody and combinations of harmony, they again burst forth upon the ear; and thus they go circling through lands, flashing from soul to soul — the air is pervaded by a musical spirit, the ear is more delicately tuned, the soul more enlarged and spiritualized; and beauty, which is God's primal benediction to his children, is celebrated with pious joy and reverence.

Thus wide and subtle in its workings, is the spirit of music. Springing from the heart, it must needs go to the heart again.

"Tönen meine kleinen lieder,
Die ein fühlend herz erchuf,
Nur in einem herzen wieder,
Dann erfüllt ist ihr beruf." *

Of its sweet, humanizing ministry, on the hearts of men, I need not speak. We all know enough of this. We are not stocks and stones. Our hearts vibrate to music, as if they were themselves musical instruments; and so they are, differing from one another in delicacy of construction, but all responding to the voice of God, which no one can resist.

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* Tones upon my harp strings burning,
When my soul is touched and thrilled,
Only when to hearts returning
Find their destiny fulfilled.

From a consideration of what music is and should be, we naturally pass to look at it in reference to its actual condition in our own country.

We must all agree that in the science and art of music we Americans are as yet scarcely pupils, and of course far enough from being masters. Our lamentable ignorance in the scientific principles of music, as well as our want of delicate susceptibility to the best works of musical composers, renders all comparison of ourselves with Germany, Italy, and other countries of Europe, altogether unnecessary. We are in fact barely beginning to wake up, as from a lethargy, and join in sympathy with the great musical culture on the other side of the Atlantic. We are scarcely as yet even willing *listeners* to the best works of our German masters. Make the very best of our case, we cannot be unaware of our deficiency. Take the most cultivated and refined population of cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and it will be seen that even in the most crowded houses which a celebrated performer or a celebrated work will attract, the proportion of those who really appreciate the music is very small. Where thousands rush in to enjoy a novelty, or while away time, or at best have their ears tickled by imitations of bagpipes and flageolets on a violin, or to hear a singer task invention and strength of lungs and flexibility of larynx to produce a cadenza, more crowded with notes and of longer duration than ordinary, there may perhaps be a hundred who go with a simple, hearty love and a cultivated taste for the composer's works. Audiences always show their standard of taste, so universal is the habit of applauding. And one who is in the habit of going to concerts, very soon knows beforehand just which pieces and parts of pieces will bring down the loudest clappings. He will find that the slow, tender,

pathetic, soul-moving airs, the wild, deep, mysterious harmonies, float on unmarked — unapplauded, while the rapid variations, the prestessimo scherzo movements, the humorous imitations, the abrupt transitions, the painfully-protracted cadenzas are followed by thunder as invariably as lightning is. Men and women and young misses at school, who have pianofortes of their own, and all the songs of Russell, Dempster, and the Hutchinsons, on the tips of their tongues, set themselves up as the critics of Handel and Beethoven, and talk and yawn and go out in the midst of their sublimest choruses or symphonies. If they perchance ascend to the level of the popular opera songs, their old fathers and mothers find themselves a good deal mystified in the attempt to follow them, so that unless encouraged to persevere they lose their faith in even Auber, Bellini, and Donizette, and fall back like sceptics, upon Balfe or Knight, or perhaps even the popular author of the "Old Arm Chair," and the rest of his sect.

What we all need, what the young especially need, is the very best models to perfect their taste. They are just as necessary to one learning music, as the best casts and drawings and paintings are to a young artist. And here it is almost superfluous to say, that our redemption from low standards must come chiefly out of Germany. In the realm of music, the Germans are universally allowed to stand first and foremost. On this broad table-land of German music let any one plant himself firmly, and he will feel no desire to descend from it. He will find himself more and more at home — other works will satisfy him less and less. They will all become poor and tame in comparison with the wealth he here enjoys. Only throw a glance over the long list of masters which this land, so consecrated by

genius, has produced. We need only to recall a few of their names, to be reminded that all the stars of the first magnitude have arisen in that morning land. I will not weary you with a repetition of their names, nor with an attempt at characterizing their respective styles. This has already so often been done, and so completely, that I should but repeat what is well known to you. I would take occasion, however, to mention one name not yet very widely known, but which seems to me destined to have great influence among us — Franz Schubert, who in the department of song-writing seems to me not to be surpassed by even Beethoven himself. The exceeding beauty of his melodies and yet more of his harmonies, reveals him to us as a master of the very soul of the art. What sweet devotion in his Ave Maria, with its accompaniment, so steadily preserved, like prayer without ceasing, yet rising and falling like the panting bosom which pours it forth — what longing, desolate sadness in his song of Gretchen, in Faust — and how skilfully the ceaseless hum and motion of her spinning-wheel accompanies her heart-breaking strains — what tender yearnings in the last greeting adieu, the complaints of a young maiden, and in "I should fly from thee" — what stirring dramatic motion in his Erl King, and the Post Horn — what solemnity and grandeur in "The Stars" — what fine, reflective soliloquizing in the song of the Old Man — what wild grace in the rocking, wavy motion of the Barcarolle, and Fisher Maiden — and what exquisite breathings and droppings of love, moonlight, flowers, and everything fairy-like and heavenly, in his Serenade! I should have mentioned the stormy sorrow of his Atlas — and the mighty descent of the godlike forms to earth, in his music to Schiller's Dithyrambic, "Never, believe me, appear the immortals, never alone."

In every mood of passion and feeling he is at home. We do not easily forget songs that thus sway us as the wind does the willow. They waken in us dreams as wild and sweet as ever bard or lover indulged — they are indeed the most genuine *poetry* of song I have ever listened to. They spring from a genius imbued with the very soul of poetry.

A very short acquaintance with compositions of this class would do more to purify and sweeten our musical feasts than a knowledge of all the popular song-writers of England and America put together. Our salt having lost its savor, we can only be preserved from utter vapidity and flatness by importations from Germany. Let us not fear the charge of imitation. It is too stale a charge to be pungent. We must imitate while we continue in this state of pupilage. Foolish critics talk of the want of a national music in America. A national music is the spontaneous growth of ages of insulated life and feeling. It is impossible that American music can do more than reproduce the music of other ages and nations. We are too open to the world, too receptive of all influences from abroad. We are too much a nation made up of others.

Our mission in music, as in literature, is to be eclectics. We are for a long time yet to be in the position of learners, and talk foolishly when we speak of a national music.

Besides, music must needs be a universal language. It utters the same thoughts and feelings to me as to the German, the Frenchman, the Italian, and this universality is what constitutes its very essence.

Taking the view that we have, that music is so deep a science, so divine an art, so universal and central an expression of the feelings and sentiments, and holding up to view such lofty standards as we find in the works of the great

masters, it cannot of course be expected that when I speak of musical criticism among us, as seen in most magazines of the day, I should accord it a very high rank. Our musical reporters criticise *performers* at great length, (often very well so far as mechanical execution goes) but very seldom musical compositions. Our artists, critics, and musicians are so absorbed with the material basis of art, that they have little sense of the spiritual, the *soul* of art. This is the case with regard to pictures as well as music. What we need is a union of the two. The rarest of all things is to find a person, who, to a thorough knowledge of the mechanical and material, unites a deep, hearty, intellectual feeling of the spiritual significance of music. Either he is a mere scientific instrument, or a slave to the sensuous delights of the art, or one who, without any great developement of the organ of tune, tries to get up a kind of dreamy enthusiasm for what of course gives pleasure, but very much through association, and the habit of having one's mind excited through the senses. We want critics who have a refined sense of the spiritually beautiful in music, blended with a profound knowledge of it as a science. The best musical criticism of the journals is simply pedantic, for the very reason that the critic's knowledge and insight are so limited. For pedantry is the rag-paper currency of ignorance, vanity, &c., oftentimes not even genuine from *that* bank, but bearing, though oft concealed, the counterfeit mark of plagiarism and fraud.

This limitation of art to perfection in material detail, causes an increasing dissatisfaction among the intellectual. When our souls are filled with the delight and calm inward content which a great musical work inspires, what a damper is it when some professional Philistine comes along and

calls us down to notice the imperfect quality of a soprano, the limited compass of a barytone; frets audibly at the lagging of a violoncello, or the hesitation of a French horn, and invariably cries *bravo* at the safe delivery of every long cadenza. For we find that wherever there are any mechanical difficulties to be overcome, any tough knots to unravel or cut through, there rain down the plaudits thickest. I have observed that audiences are particularly excited and noisy, when a female contre-alto drops down into the cellar of her throat upon some deep concluding note of a song, or when a soprano goes up into the garret or the chimney-top of hers with a scream which is heard above the whole orchestra, with the kettle drums to boot, playing fortissimo. These are the refined graces that captivate us — facile, superficial Americans.

How little do we take in the soul and genius of the composition. The execution is what engrosses us. Most persons would rather hear an indifferent composition performed by distinguished artists, than a work of eminent beauty by artists of less ability. This is not as it should be. We must smell the very heart of the rose, and inhale its delicate aroma, not waste words about the vase that holds it, whether it be gold, or porcelain, or of common earth, whether cracked or whole — what we want to know is, — is it a real and not an artificial flower? When Mozart and Beethoven fill the room where I sit, the man or the woman at the pianoforte becomes but an instrument; those great spirits are all. They content me, whoever the player is. How often have I longed at concert rooms, in the midst of execution as faultlessly beautiful as a Grecian statue, to see the player put aside his own work and give us some of the deep strains of the great masters. If their own were so

fine, "how much more would beauty beauteous seem," if they but blended their own power of expression with the original inspirations of those others! Has a musical artist any more warrant to bring his own compositions so constantly before the public, than a tragedian to act his own plays? Just as the player is lost in the character he assumes, so should the performer be lost in the style and spirit of the piece he means to execute. But the performer generally has his ends, to put himself foremost, and gather popularity and money, and so bereaves himself of the highest prerogatives his art confers upon him.

It is with great pleasure that I can speak here of your Association, gentlemen, as a marked exception to this superficial standard of musical cultivation. Your efforts to awaken an interest in the works of the best masters, should not go unmentioned on this occasion. It was with especial pleasure I heard of your chamber concerts of last winter. Such endeavors to improve the musical taste of the public, must do a great deal towards the end proposed. Let us trust that every year some such efforts will be made. They will not be made in vain. The music which such concerts make familiar, will inevitably elevate the general standard of taste in the community, and banish from refined and cultivated circles the trashy and commonplace things which find their way into so many fashionable parlors.

All that we need in our country is, that we be accustomed to good music. There is an abundance of musical enthusiasm and capacity. We have the raw material — we only need the skilful artist's hand to shape it into beauty. Let those who are really gifted and skilled as musicians, make it a point to introduce us to a knowledge of the best specimens of vocal and instrumental music. Let them not set

themselves up as greater than their masters. Let them not depend too much on the public taste, but endeavor to lead the public as far as possible to appreciate what *they* themselves appreciate. So soon as we lower our standard of matter or manner to suit the common ear, we degrade the art. Let the performer have smaller audiences and fewer dollars, with better music. Already have we not seen a great musical progress in many of our cities? It has been a great thing that America is so open to the nations of the earth. The lack of this has made education in times past onesided and narrow. In New England especially, the penumbra of ancient Puritanism still spreads a chill over our ardent yearnings for freer and more beautiful culture. The stern, stiff Pilgrims, whatever may have been their efforts and deeds in the cause of civil and religious freedom, certainly laid no foundation here for the beautiful arts. To them music was not so much a flower as a noxious weed, which must be rooted out of church and state. Surely we cannot be too grateful that a softer atmosphere surrounds us in the nineteenth century.

And if we still experience the lingering effects of institutions and modes of education so discouraging to art, we have certainly, to a great extent, triumphed over them gloriously. Much has been done and more is doing to promote the education of the young in this true school of divinity. Every year I hope is carrying us farther forward.

Let us, members of this Association, not be behind hand in whatever of enthusiasm, skill, and acquirement we possess, to promote music and musical literature. We hold the keys to the richest storehouses of God's perfect beauty. The language spoken in heaven is taught us on all sides by this bountiful age we live in. Music, which is the ulti-

mate expression and correspondence of harmonious spiritual laws, of heavenly affections, of the deep, unrevealed loveliness to which this earth is yet almost a stranger, — music, which is the voice of this "wide, prophetic world, dreaming of things to come," the voice of struggling humanity pleading with the crushing discords of social evil, the voice of infinite love itself, which is the imprisoned soul of the universe, — this great gift is bequeathed to us, — bequeathed for higher uses too, than sensuous enjoyment, — even for the enlargement and refinement of what is spiritual within us. Let us not neglect it or desecrate it. Let us exercise the gift in proportion to our abundance — and the little we do shall be as seeds of the beautiful garden plants of another Eden on earth, those flowers which bloom not for earth only, but for heaven and immortality.